Wonderfull Strange

NEWES

FROM

Woodstreet Counter.

Yet not so strange as true.

Being proved by lamentable Experience.

The Relation of which

Will make you laugh, 'twill make you cry,
'Twill make you mad, 'twill make you try,

Many more Wonderfull effects.

As *Tom-Tell-truth* can witnesse.

It will convert a Whore, enrich the Poore,
And make a Sergeant kind,
Then buy it now, for I doe know,
That it will please your mind.

London, Printed for *T. F.* 1642.

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Woodstreet Counter.

Yet not so strange as true,

Being proved by lamentable Experience.

The Relation of which

Will make you laugh, twill make you cry,
Twill make you mad, twill make you try,

Many more Wonderfull effects

As *Few Tell-truth* can witnesse.

It will convert a Whore, enrich the Poore,
And make a Sergeant kind,
Then be not now, for I doe know,
That it will please your mind.

London, Printed for *T. F.* 1641.

Strange Newes out of *Woodstreet*.

OR,

A Dialogue betweene *Thomas Tell-troth*, and *Plaine-Dealing*.

Plaine-Dealing.

MAster *Thomas Tell-troth*, well met this melancholy morning, whether away so fast man, s'foot thou lookest scurvily upon the businesse, thou lookest as if thou cam'st out of a Baudy-house, faith be plain and tell thy Old friend *Plaine-Dealing*, what the matter man?

Tell-troth.

The matter is, I thinke thou art a Witch, or a cunning man for to tell truth and shame the Divell, I have been in one of the Damnablest Baudy-houses, that this City affoords, this City, nay, I thinke Hell cannot afford such a sinke of Sinne, nor such a Dancing Schoole of Damnation.

Plaine-Dealing.

Prithee where stands it, in *Turneball* street, or *Bell*-Alley?

Tell-troth.

Turneball street, no, no, alack, Baudy-houses there

are Nunneries, the Whores holy Virgins, and the old Bauds, reverent Matrons, in comparison of this, *Pickhatch*, *Covent-Garden*, *Grooping Lane*, *Tower Hill*, St. *Giles in the fields*, *Bloomesberry*, *Drewry-Lane*, *Westminster*, nor *Bankeside*, may once presume to compare with this new found *Diddle*.

Plaine-dealing. Thou makest me wonder, by this flesh that shines, I have been in most of the chiefe Baudy houses in *Cheapeside*, *Lincolnes-Inne fields*, nay in and about *London*,, and yet to my remembrance I never came in this invisible Vaulting Schoole.

Teltroth. Nay, I will be sworne *Plaine-dealing* never came there, besides they have all agreed that if thou ever happenest to come thither, thou shalt lye in no Place but in the Hole.

Playne-dealing. That is the only place I desire to be lodg'd in I will stand in't, a man had better lye in in that Hole then in the best Feather Bed in the house.

Teltroth. Pox upon your baudy apprehension, but this Hole is a damnable, nasty, stinking Hole, a hole of Horse-leeches, a very Pit of earthly perdition.

Plaine-dealing. Why then a pox upon it, but I make no question but they have other Lodgings, prithee honest *Tom* tell me? Are there any handsome Wenches, Fresh Virgins, rare Diedappers, will they come on, and off handsomely, will the pretty Ducks dive compleately, Pox upon thee, my——haire stands an end, it has such an itching desire to be resolved.

Teltroth Fresh Lasses, O yes, there is fresh wenches every Night, that come on very well, but for their comming off, that I leave to the event, as for their diving, I have found by lamentable experienc.

I—y

that they are admirable Rascals, pure Rogues, blood-sucking Horseleeches, damnable Cutpurses, they will picke a mans pocket and give him a reason for it.

Plaine dealing. Thou giv'st it such a rare description, that I thanke them for their loves I never intend to trouble them, though I love Mutton, I cannot indure the hornes, though I love Pidgeon holes, I hate the Stocks, I must confesse I love In and In well, but being at it, I love not (a pox upon it,) but prithee tell me where this place of places is Scituate.

Teltroth. Then listen with admiration, the Region is *Woodstreet*, and this house of houses (though not Hospitality) and yet it gives entertainment to all commers, although it be but to starve them, this hungry house is *Woodstreet Counter*, where, Hell be thanked I have beene 3. dayes incountred, and from whence Heaven be thanked I am now as you see escaped, thus accountred, walking a Pennieles preambulation, with an intent to dine with *Duke Humphery*.

Plaine dealing. Now the great Devill take all dissemblers, is there no plaine dealing in this world, not in *Tomteltroth*.

Teltroth. S'foot tis not the fashion, there is none but beggers use it, and I warrant those that doe use it shall die Beggers, besides, doe not you see great Lords weare rich Cloathes on their backs, and no money in their purses, and is there any plaine dealing in that, your Ladys paint to hide their weather beaten faces, and is there any playne dealing in that, your Citizen maynteines his wife Gallantly, and that is brave, and in requitall shee makes him a Beast and that is base, and I am sure there is no playne dealing in that.

Plain-Dealing, 'Tis true indeed, I am the onely out-cast, no body respects *Plain-Dealing* some 400 yeares agoe; I was the onely Courtier, no body was so well respected as *Plain-dealing*, had I hapned to the Temple or Innes of Court, the Lawyers would have run'd to meet me, but now they runne away at the sight of me, nay they give their Porters command to keep me out of the gate, they'le have nothing to doe with *Plain-dealing* now, had I chanc't to come into the City, the Citizens would have met me at the Shop doores with God blesse your good Worship, what do's your Honour lacke? Nay they would beg of me to take up their Wares, and their wives Commodities upon trust, but now they will not trust mee to looke upon their Wares for feare I should steale them, if they spye me comming, they shut up their doores, call the Beadle and give command to carry *Plain-dealing* to Bridewell, no body can endure *Plain-dealing* now, but leaving this Discourse, prithee what was the matter? What was the occasion of thy going to this Damnable Den of Catterpillars.

Telltroth, A money matter.

Plain-dealing. Too much money.

Telltroth. No, no; too little money indeed, 'twas too much for me to pay, by reason of which, I was constrained to enter into bands for my appearance, for *Ananias* and *Caiphas the high Priest* layd hold on me, and with a great deale of dexterity drag'd mee to their Den of destruction, though I must needs say not without the losse of some blood, for one of them sold as much as he had a marke for, and till that time

I never knew that the blood of a Varlet was sold so deare.

Plain-dealing. Why doe they use to sell their blood?

Tell-troth. Very often, ther's some of them get more by that, then by their places, they use men scurvily on purpose in hope of a broken pate or a cut finger, and having him in prison, they have the Law in their owne hands.

Plain-dealing. This is unconscionable, there is no conscience in't.

Tell troth. Conscience to them is like Swines flesh to a Turke, 'tis unsanctified, I heard one of them say that he would sooner be tyed to be hang'd, then to use Conscience in his Dealings.

Plain dealing. And what Associates had'st thou there, what Companions?

Tell-troth. Many, of all sorts, from the Gentile Gallant with his Perriwig and Spanish Block, to the Lowzy Rascall without a shirt or a shoe to his foot, the Long hayre Gallant which sweares Damy, & the Zealous Brother with never a hayre amisse, indeed there are all sorts, Lords without Lands, Ladies without Lackey's, Gentlemen without money, Captaines without Command, Citizens without credit, pittifull Poets which write their owne Tragedyes, vndone Heyres, Pick-pockets with hanging lookes, Taffaty Whores falling to decay, Prentizes with pennilesse pockets, Journeymen that are at their Journey's end, To conclude, there are of all sorts which groane under the Tyrany of these worse then Turkish

Turkish Pyrats. That the *Counter* is worse then a Baudy house, is declared in these ensuing Lines.

The Counter, then a Baudy house is worse,
Both to torment the body and the purse;
For if in them we wast a little treasure,
They in requitall yeeld a little pleasure,
But that yeelds none, for many men can tell,
That Woodstreet Counter *is an Earthy Hell;*
The Sergeants, Divels, which torment the poore,
And picke mens pockets sooner then a Whore,
They have the Law on their sides, for they say,
These are our Fees, and thus much you must pay;
From whom good God deliver every true man
From every Asse or Knave, or Sergeants yeoman.

FINIS.